THE EMERALD.

SEMPER REFULGET.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE WANDERER,

No. XL.

TO THE WARDERER.

" He that hath no music in himself
And is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds
Is fit for treasons, strategems and spoils." *Shakespeare.*

THIS motto is constantly repeated by those persons, who having some knowledge of music, are not able to defend their own preposession, and attack the indifference of others in a manner more worthy of the art in which they delight; and they conceive a quotation from Shakespeare, an authority in affairs of taste as incontrovertible, as their enforcement of it, is dogmatic.

The truth is, Sir, the sentiment in the motto is not absolutely correct; and I apprehend that Shakespeare did not intend it as his own notion of the subject. Two considerations enforce this idea. It is a characteristical speech, coming from a lover to his mistress, who was extravagantly attached to the harmony of sound. Besides, in this as in many other of his observations, Shakespeare makes use of a panegyric on a popular subject to add interest and effect to a scene otherwise rather flat and insipid. The English nation are, and always have been particularly attached to music, and the poet was sensible every remark favorable to it, would have a proportionate influence on the reputation of his play. I do not, Sir, consider these considerations by any means conclusive, that the author was *not* of the opinion, which the lines express; but they are sufficient to shew, it does not necessarily follow that he *was* of that opinion.

What then is to become of music and musicians, if the great barrier to the inroads of censure and disrespect, is thus prostrated in the dust? Perhaps, says a favorer of the art, though Shakespeare may not necessarily be of the opinion suggested in the motto, under some views of the subject, yet experience and observation of the science itself may convince us, that he believed it in its full force. For if experience proves the assertion to be just, we have no reason to doubt the sentiments of Shakespeare. True; and what says reason and observation.

It seems reasonable to presume, from the motto, that as those persons who have no music in themselves, and are not moved with concord of sweet sounds are fit for treasons, so those who derive from harmony the most exquisite enjoyment, are the most worthy members of society. Yet, what is more common than the captious behavior of musicians, upon the most trivial

inaccuracy in a favorite tune, or an interruption to a refined concert.—The twang of a jews-harp and the grating of a saw would not only set them in a rage on such an occasion, but would induce them to gratify themselves on the agressor by the severest punishment they could inflict. It is not uncommon, says Mr. Stevens, to see those persons who would think one half of a day not ill imployed in setting two strings into concord, should make use of the other half to excite a quarrel among their rivals. The Enraged Musician, painted by the inimitable Hogarth, is evidence in this case, certainly as strong as the uncertain authority of Shakespeare. Philip of Macedon checked Alexander his son for loving music too well; it would lead him into indulgences of passion equally inconsistent with the rigors of war, and the discipline of government. Dryden, describes Alexander's susceptibility to the passions excited by music, in his celebrated ode on St. Cecilia's day. Thus we find musicians to be no better than any other set of men.

Let us now examine whether persons without capability to enjoy every nicety of sound, are singularly treacherous, cunning or barbarous. Experience will here also warrant a negative to every question of this tendency. It must be evident on reflection even within the sphere of our acquaintance, that some of the best disposed and most benevolent persons have no sensibility to the enthusiasm of harmony. Pope, though he wrote an ode on music in imitation of Dryden's on the same occasion, was so far from being a musician, that his ear was extremely bad, and he derived no satisfaction from the influence of sweet sounds.

But the motto at the head of this letter implies very poetically a still further idea, than I have yet noticed. It may be rendered thus—The person who has no music in *himself*, that is, has a discordant mind, is not to be affected with concord of sweet sounds, and therefore is not fit to be trusted. This idea pre-supposes a connection between the external senses and the mind, so intimate, that the organ of susceptibility in the ear being deficient, the sentiments of the heart must consequently be wrong. This idea is so opposite to all experience, that it is almost useless to reason upon it. There is no more propriety in presuming a man bad, because his ear is imperfect, then because his eye or palate may be. Yet any one would think it an absurdity to call a man a villian, because he could not discover the sublime appearances of nature, from the imperfection of his sight. The mind and hearing have in truth no intimacy of connection. Though music may sometimes raise the soul to rage or kindle soft desire, the argument rather strengthens against the *fondness* for the art, than the *indifference* to it. If the mind is supposed to be in any degree formed by the power of music we shall soon hear of a connection between the taste and reason. That those who are not able to relish the feast of an epicure, must be considered deficient in intellect or humanity. I hope, Sir, we shall hear no more of the authority of Shakespeare, in praise of music, or in reprehension of its opponents.

HORATIO.

The Wanderer inserts the foregoing without acceding to the principles it contains, and he will be happy to admit the communica-

tion of any correspondent who may feel inclined to take up the cudgels of controversy.

The following extract from an account of the environs of Naples, translated from *L'Archives Litterature*, is selected for the beauty of its description. Speaking of the general effect of the scene, the author continues:

You must not imagine, added he, that a spectacle like this can ever become indifferent to the lovers of the arts and of nature. Though always the same, it is ever new. Calms and tempests, the state of the sky, the different appearances of the sea, the singular operations of Vesuvius, every day exhibit a new picture, impart to it life and motion, and incessantly furnish fresh causes for admiration, fresh food for the eager curiosity of the spectator. The pleasures afforded by this scene of enchantment are not limited to the time when the sun illumines our hemisphere.—Night, which elsewhere effaces images, and renders one of our senses in some measure useless, here contributes very often to augment our delight, and surpasses even day itself in the grandeur and variety of the prodigies it displays to the view. Let us suppose that an eruption is at hand, or is beginning to manifest itself, while the disk of the moon is reflected and multiplied in each of the waves that roll at the bottom of the gulf, the valcano emits a hollow and ominous sound. To the murmurs of the Nereids succeed the bellowings of the Cyclops; the sons of Eolus escape roaring from the caverns of Vesuvius, and frequent lightnings darting from the mountain proclaim to mortals an awful crisis of nature. The column of smoke becomes thicker, and expanding in the air, exhibits a resemblance of those lofty pines, whose bare and branchless stems are crowned by a vast canopy of verdure. The cloud continues to grow more black and more extensive; but a luminous blood red spot appears in the midst of the chaos. The vapors become red, and impregnated with fire; the luminous portion increases, and the substances discharged by the volcano glow with every tint, and exhibit every possible shade of color. Here the flame resembles that of the funereal torch, there it is of the most lively vermilion; farther off it is white, and dazzles the eye with its excessive brightness; in another part it is of a murky mixture of purple and of soot; over the mouth of the furnace the vapors hover in the form of a golden cloud; and those which, from their distance, are incapable of reflecting the light, shroud the whole scene in a sable veil, which, by the clashing contrast, heightens all the colors, and imparts double brilliancy to the phenomenon.

But other wonders appear at the mouth of the volcano. Sometimes showers of ignited stones shoot upward to an immense height, and their parabolic descent is a grand imitation of our artificial fire works; at others, an arrow of fire flies towards heaven, which it seems to penetrate. Now a tuft of ardent vapors crowns the mountain, and emits to a considerable distance innumerable sparks; and now again lightnings, bursting from the bosom of the abyss, cut through the surrounding smoke in their zig-zag course. One moment the flame assumes the figure of a column, whose height is thrice that of the volcano; and the next it is an immense tongue, which wavers for sometime in the air, then suddenly

returns, and seems to lick the edge of the terrific gulf.

Meanwhile the sides of the mountain are incapable of containing the melted substances which rise and press against them. A dreadful noise announces a rupture; the mountain opens with a vast effort, and its inflamed entrails are exposed to view. Rivers of lava already roll beneath the new bridge which is just formed! the fiery torrent, the image of Phlegeton, rushes into the valley that separates Somma from Vesuvius; its devastating stream increases at the expense of every object which it meets, and acquires an extent of several miles. The strongest trees disappear before it, like feeble blades of grass before the scythe of the mower; forests, gardens, houses, palaces, are all whelmed beneath the burning deluge; and the very spot where they existed is so changed, that it can no longer be recognized. The ardent river continues advancing with a dull and dismal noise, rolling along with it calcined stones and billows of glowing ashes. It has already crossed the road, and is proceeding towards the sea; and when it has passed the rocks on its shore, the fiery mass plunges into the deep. The collision of these hostile elements throws up to the very skies torrents of vapor, whose roaring, whose dazzling colors, and the horrible agitation they produce in the air, cause the terrified spectator to imagine that the world is about to be dissolved, and to be reduced to that chaos from which it sprung.

If to the spectacle of an eruption you now add that of a storm; if accident produces at the same moment one of those tremendous tempests which are alone sufficient to desolate nature, what pencil can then trace the horrors of the scene? what pen can describe them?

PUNNING.

An essay on "false genius," by the author of "Essays after the manner of Goldsmith," possesses considerable force of observation, and applies the lash of ridicule and censure to the prevalent follies of the world with various success. Take this extract on punning as a fair example of his manner.

I SHALL say a few words, before I dismiss this Essay, on the present taste for *punning*, become so fashionable, and which talent appears to be expected from every man who calls himself a dramatist. We often hear it said, "I dined a few days ago with Mr. ——, the author of the new comedy, and I think that I never was so much disappointed. It is true that he attempted some puns, but they were wretched; and for the soul of me I could not see any thing to laugh at, though almost every one at table seemed mightily pleased with them." Now the truth is, that punning, though described by Dr. Johnson as the lowest species of wit, is nevertheless wit, and is, on the contrary, sometimes of the first order. Perhaps the best pun that was ever made, was said, where it might least be expected, on board a ship, and by a naval officer, Admiral Lee; it is mentioned in Charnock's Naval Biography, and deserves being repeated. Admiral Lee, when only a Post Captain, being on board his ship one very rainy and stormy night, a gale of wind blowing at the time, the officer of the watch came down to his cabin, "Sir," cried he, "the sheet anchor is come home."—"Indeed," answered the Captain, "I think the sheet anchor is perfectly in the right of it: I don't know what the d—— would stay out such a night as this."—It is impossible not to feel the wit and humor of the ideas which constituted this pun.

There are, however, a description of men who, from habit, and the necessity they have thought themselves under of showing their talents in the art, are constantly engaged in hunting for puns; they listen to every word, catch at every sentence, and look very dull whenever they are disappointed of an opportunity. My old schoolfellow, Bob Punster, is one of these. Bob was designed by his prudent father for a merchant's counting house; but he fancied that he was a dramatic author, and in truth had some capabilities for writing farces. He contented himself with being worth very little, that he might have leisure to follow his favorite occupations. He brought out a play, it succeeded; another, which was d——d; a third, and success again; so that he was by this time a dramatist, well received in company, and considered as a wit. Bob had from a boy a tendency to humor; and he had served a sufficiently long apprenticeship to the play-houses to have become a proficient. Bob made it a rule never to speak himself at table, unless by way of reply, or to lead to a reply; at which expedient he was very dexterous, and would bring his man, with all the ease in the world, into the very teeth of a pun. He was trying at this one day with a gentleman, who, though no author, happened to be a match for him. Bob, who suspected he was an author, asked him if he had not written for the public eye.—"Yes, Sir."—"Pray, Sir, where?"—"In the Morning Post."—"The Morning Post! Pray, Sir, what was the article?"—"An advertisement for a cook."—"Thank you, Sir," answered Bob, quite chopfallen, and sneaking away as fast as he could.—I have heard him say often, that he took care never to come near the same wit again.

Bob was sometimes, however, apt to be out of season with his puns; as when an old friend of his, a musical composer, who had been served with a copy of writ, came to him, guessing pretty fairly that he could tell him, to ask what it was.—"What is it?" (cried Bob, looking at it) "Why, my dear fellow, a *plaintiff* ballad, that's all." Whenever Bob had success with his puns, he was insufferable; and I never was more happy than to see him completely brought to the blush by an old woman, who appeared, as well as we could guess, to be a pork-butcher's wife, or a fat landlady. It happened to be a play wherein the young Roscius performed; and my friend Bob was extremely entertaining: Mr. Garble, the critic, sat on one side of him, and myself on the other. We were observing that Master Betty had received a great many instructions from Mr. Hough, the Prompter. "Ay, indeed," (cried the old woman, turning about,) "I think he must have been *huffed* and snubbed too, to be so clever as he is." Neither Mr. Garble nor myself could resist loud and repeated bursts of laughter; not so much at the old woman's wit as at our crest-fallen friend, who did not open his mouth again the whole evening.

A bad pun, however, if meant to be bad, will often provoke a laugh; like that which was said to be made by the celebrated Addison, who laid a bet that he could make the *worst* that had ever been heard, and on which occasion he succeeded admirably, by going up to a man in the street, who was carrying a hare in his hand: "Pray," cried he, to the man, "is that your *own* hare, or a wig?"

The truth is, that whatever is produced from the mind, which is not mere *platitude*, but posseses

some thought or talent, is valuable and entertaining. There are many men who present us nothing brilliant, but who possess that sober sense and judgment which, after all, is most estimable, being a treasure which he can resort to in his closet, and which when he goes abroad, will carry him safely through all the wayward circumstances of life. The finished gentlemen must be of the latter character: he may smile at a pun; he may venture at one now and then: his manners, however, must be chaste and pure; for the wit, eager for a display, sometimes offends, and often forgets the duties of decorum. It requires a fine and delicate taste to unite the characters.

BIOGRAPHY.

CHARACTER OF DR. BURNET.

"Dr. Burnet is, like all men who are above the ordinary level, seldom spoken of in a mean; he must either be railed at, or admired. He has a swiftness of imagination that no other man comes up to; and, as our nature hardly allows us to have enough of any thing, without having too much, he cannot at all times so hold in his thoughts, but that at sometime they may run away with him; as it is hard for a vessel, that is brimful when in motion, not to run over; and therefore the variety of matter that he ever carries about him may throw out more than an unkind critic would allow of. His first thoughts may sometimes require more digestion, not from a defect in his judgment, but from the abundance of his fancy, which furnishes too fast for him. His friends love him too well to see small faults; or, if they do, think that his greater talents give him a privilege of straying from the strict rules of caution, and exempt him from the ordinary rules of censure. He produces so fast, that what is well in his writings calls for admiration, and what is incorrect deserves an excuse: he may, in some things, require grains of allowance, which those only can deny him who are unknown or unjust to him. He is not quicker in discerning other men's faults, than he is in forgiving them; so ready, or rather glad to acknowledge his own, that from blemishes they become ornaments. All the repeated provocations of his indecent adversaries have had no other effect than the setting his good-nature in so much a better light, since his anger never yet went farther than to pity them. That heat, which in most other men raises sharpness and satire, in him glows into warmth for his friends, and compassion for those in want and misery. As dull men have quick eyes in discerning the smaller faults of those that nature has made superior to them, they do not miss one blot he makes; and, being beholden only to their barrenness for their discretion, they fall upon the errors which arise out of his abundance; and, by a mistake into which their malice betrays them, they think, that, by finding a mote in his eye, they hide the beams that are in their own. His quickness makes writing so easy to him, that his spirits are neither wasted nor soured by it: the soil is not forced; every thing grows and brings forth without pangs; which distinguishes as much what he does from that which smells of the lamp, as a good palate will discern between fruit which comes from a rich mould, and that which tastes of the uncleanly pains that have been bestowed upon it. He

makes many enemies by setting an ill-natured example of living, which they are not inclined to follow. His indifference for preferment; his contempt, not only of splendor, but of all unnecessary plenty; his degrading himself into the lowest and most painful duties of his calling; are such unprelatical qualities, that let him be never so orthodox in other things, in these he must be a dissenter. Virtues of such a stamp are so many heresies, in the opinion of those divines who have softened the primitive injunctions so as to make them suit better with the present frailty of mankind. No wonder then if they are angry, since it is in their own defence, or that, from a principle of self-preservation, they should endeavor to suppress a man, whose parts are a shame, and whose life is a scandal to them."

The following sketch appears to possess the merit of novelty. It is translated from the Italian, and is to be found in the Travels of Signior Scrofani, a Sicilian, who is a sentimental and energetic writer.

ANTITHETICAL CHARACTER OF THE TURKS.

In the Turks are united modesty and pride, avarice and prodigality, greediness and benevolence, parsimony and profuseness, temperance and excess at table: though obstinate, they yield with greatest facility; vindictive, they are the first to embrace their enemies; ungrateful to their benefactors, they are themselves frequently benevolent; the friends of humanity, yet disgracing the dignity of man; jealous and patient; indolent and active; courageous and servile; superstitious and credulous; such are the Turks. They in general merit neither praise nor blame. Though inhabitants of a climate rather hot than temperate, they have but few passions, and those so little exalted, as scarcely to pass the boundaries of simple desire; consequently, they may be said to be neither very vicious nor very virtuous. If there be any thing to which we can compare this nation, it is an hospital of convalescents. Sometimes we see them magnanimous, sometimes servile; having but little memory, and no resolution; capable of the greatest as well as of the meanest actions; now wishing for, now refusing the same thing; changing, in an instant, from mirth to tears, from cruelty to tenderness, from haughtiness to degradation.*

For the Emerald.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS,
AND ORIGINAL REMARKS.

The numerous tribe of poetasters in England universally exerted their small wits upon the death of Lord Nelson; and every magazine and almost every new publication contained some reference to that melancholy event. Mr. G. D. Harley, comedian, wrote some verses on the "Fight off Trafalgar," of which take this as a specimen.

* After this portrait, we may, if it is faithful, throw aside the greater part of what European travellers have said of the Turks. It seems that they have beholden them with the same eyes they have beholden other nations. They have described them, by comparing them with the Spaniards for ostentation, the French for frivolity, the Dutch for avarice, the Sclavonians for obstinacy, the Germans for rudeness; but, according to our traveller, you can only compare a Turk to a Turk—you cannot define them, it seems, because they have no character.

"The grief of the skies, as responsive to ours,
Moan'd in thunder—and answer'd earth's sorrows in *show'rs*;
'Twas the DIRGE of the HEAV'NS."

"This," say the reviewers, "is rare, but a friend of ours said a better thing on Nelson's coffin being landed, during a hail-storm, on Westminster bridge. He observed, that the hero no sooner came on shore, than he was *hail'd* from heaven."

Mr. T. Marshall wrote an abortive poem on the same subject. The following passage is taken from a review, in the Monthly Mirror. "The opening:

"Fate gave the word—forth from the levell'd tube
The death-charg'd bullet wings its *pointed* way!"

There is some *point* in this bullet.

Ah! could no guardian angel interpose,
And turning wide their warlike murd'rous *aim*,
Have sav'd the sacred life, to glory dear,
But must the hero fall? LAMENTED MAN!"

Here we are cruelly tempted to exclaim with *Jaques*,"
"Nay, then God be wi' you, an you talk in *blank verse*."

We have observed the publication called a remonstrance of a painter against Mr. Shee's Rhymes on Art. Mr. Shee it seems wrote this couplet which excited the ire of the reply.

"*Blockheads*, pursued through every nobler shape,
In miniature take refuge and escape."

In answer the author points out the difference between portrait painting in oil, and miniature painting in water, with great nicety of discrimination, and the magnitude of the dissimilarity is such as few would think a miniature painter could so well draw. However, in proportion as he diminished in his painting, he probably enlarges in his words. Observe;

"In the latter," (miniature painting) the substance on which it is executed is ivory, instead of canvas; the vehicle for the colors is produced by the exudation of a *tree*, instead of by the expression of a *seed*; and *the pencils are formed from the down on the belly of a hare, instead of from the bristles on the back of a hog!*

There is a simplicity of allusion and elegance of conception in the following lines, which distinguish it from the multitude of love ditties with which our modern publications are filled. The writer, whoever he was, had the inspiration of poetry united to the solidity of sense.

RESOLV'D, said the poet, of Cælia to sing,
For ideas of beauty I search'd through the spring;
To flowers, soft blooming, compar'd the sweet maid;
But flowers, tho' blooming, at evening will fade.

Of sunshine and breezes I next thought to write;
Of the breezes so mild, and the sunshine so bright:
But these with my fair no resemblance can hold.
For the sun sets at night, and the breezes turn cold.

The clouds of mild evening, array'd in pale blue,
While the sun-beams behind them peep glitt'ring thro',
To rival her charms they can never arise;
Yet methought they look'd something like Cælia's bright eyes.

At length a fine fruit-tree in blossom I found,
Which nature array'd, and shed fragrance around:
The muses, methought, then had smil'd on my pray'r,
This blossom, I cry'd will resemble my fair.

The colour so pleasing at summer's gay fall,
Will languish at first, and must afterwards fall;
But behind it the fruit, its successor, shall rise,
By nature disrob'd of the beauteous disguise.

To Cælia, when youth, that gay blossom, is o'er,
By her virtues improv'd, will engage me the more,
Will recal every beauty, and heighten their prime,
When her merit is ripen'd by love and by time.

The masterly observations of Lord Littleton on the conversation and apostleship of St. Paul were written at the desire of Gilbert West, Esq.; in consequence of Mr. Littleton asserting, that, beside all the proofs of the Christian religion, which might be drawn from the prophecies of the Old Testament, from the necessary connection it has with the whole system of the Jewish religion, from the miracles of Christ, and from the evidence given of his resurrection by all the other apostles, he thought the conversion of St. Paul alone, duly considered, was of itself a demonstration sufficient to prove Christianity to be a divine revelation. Mr. West was struck with the thought, and assured his friend, that so compendious a proof would be of great use to convince those unbelievers, that will not attend to a longer series of arguments; and time has shewn he was not out in his conjecture, as the tract is esteemed one of the best defences of Christianity which has hitherto been published.

NOBILITY.

"Whoe'er amidst the sons
Of reason, valor, liberty, and virtue,
Displays distinguish'd merit, is a noble
Of nature's own creating.

THOMSON.

Cause of good writers.

Does wealth make them? No, never! but poverty, as Theocritus says; and the observation is true: poverty alone gives birth to arts. She is the mistress of toil, and the cause of every thing that is praise worthy.

CRIES Damon, teaz'd by dearest life,
To trudge to Vauxhall with her,
"If song from hell once fetch'd a wife,
Why can't it send one thither.

"But if, alas! to Pluto's cell,
By music none are driven,
Say, Handel, is there not a spell
Can send her soul to heaven?

"Come, then, some sweet entrancing strain,
To native skies restore her,
And when to angel turn'd again,
I will again adore her."

Ill-natured witticisms are often retorted upon those who make use of them. Madame de ***, who was famous at court for her bonmots, was attacked by a young petit-maitre of high rank with this question: "Pray madam, was not that fine gown given you by a gallant?"—"No, my little fellow," replied the lady; "you think you are talking to your mother."

The last Port Folio contains an ode, "to the beautiful river Sampit," from which the subjoined verses are selected. They contain much poetical beauty.

In fate's worst cup of bitterest spite,
Some drops of comfort still are found:
In pain itself there is delight,
If love and pity bathe the wound.

Thus some pale flowers in deserts bloom,
Where never pierc'd the solar beams;
Thus some lone star, through midnight's gloom,
With trembling radiance dimly gleams.

"*An infant Worshiper of the Muses,*" asks a counsel of the Editor, whether the poetical vein be *worth* indulging, and whether "a child to fame" would *find his account* in a regular series of poetical studies, similar to that recorded to have been followed by POPE. We have no hesitation in warning this young enthusiast against the delusive plausibilities of literary renown. To sell with "grocer profits" an ounce of of pepper, *will turn to more account* than to publish a ream of poetry. To study seven years;—to pass sleepless nights, till candles dwindle to their sockets, and

"Lamps teach light to counterfeit a gloom;"—"to outwatch the bear with thrice great Hermes;" to run with restless solicitude from book to book;

. . . . . "*to pine,*
Look pale, & all the season, taste no wine,"

with a view of becoming an author by profession, is a project of no less flattering promise, than to establish a mission for the civilization of tygers, or to found an academy of the sciences in the jungles of the Sunderbunds.

[*Calcutta Post.*

The poetry, which we have yet seen, of savage nations, presents us with descriptions of manners, totally dissimilar to our own, and of those rude energies of mind, which dignified "the human animal,"

"When wild in woods the noble savage ran."

The following specimens of a Sclavonian nation are less elevated, but perhaps, more interesting. They are the effusions of a people uncivilized themselves, yet groaning beneath the oppression of civilized society. The Esthonians, a few of whose popular ballads have been preserved by a learned traveller, inhabit the upper regions of the gulph of Finland: they are subject to the Germans, and never did human beings experience more cruel masters. The following song is sweetly simple and unaffectedly pathetic.

The sparrow-hawk has five beside herself: the duck always goes in pairs. I am quite alone; I have no father, no mother. To whom shall I lament my woes? To whom shall I unbosom my distress? Behind whom shall I run when people scold me? Shall I complain to the crow-toe flowers? The crow-toe flowers fade. Shall I complain to to the meadow grass? The meadow grass will wither. Ah! that it could hear my lamentation—the song of the wretched orphan! Rise up my loving father! Rise up, my loving mother! "I cannot rise up, my daughter, I cannot rise up. The green grass is grown over my head; the blades of grass grow thick on my grave; the blue mist is before my eyes; and on my feet, the weeds and the bushes are grown." *ibid.*

LITERARY NOTICES.

Messrs. Etheridge and Bliss have issued subscriptions for publishing Biographical memoirs of Lord Viscount Nelson, &c. By John Charnock, Esq.

Mr. Charnock's own claim to merit in this work is not very exalted; as he says in his preface it is that which "belongs to a faithful collector and reporter of much authentic intelligence that had been before widely scattered under the public eye." Of his lordship, it may be said, in the words of Milton in his Samson Agonistes,

"——No time's for lamentation now;
——Samson hath quit himself
Like Samson, and *heroically hath finish'd*
A life heroic; to his enemies
Hath left years of mourning
And lamentation: *to Israel*
HONOR HATH LEFT, AND FREEDOM:
To himself and father's house, ETERNAL FAME.

Sir Benjamin West has lately finished his picture of the Death of Lord Nelson, which exceeds every previous effort of that eminent painter, as well in execution as design.

We have inserted the lines from *Orlando* at his *particular* request.

POETRY.

For the Emerald.

The following lines were occasioned by the return of the ship Athualpa from the Northwest Coast of America, where *Capt. Porter, Mr. Plummer* and others were massacred, while trading with the natives.

THROUGH the white surge, with many a fav'ring gale,
With streaming pendants, and with crowded sail,
The *Barque* majestic comes—her haven gains:
Safe from those climes, where savage fury reigns:
From hostile shores—from *Nootka's* tawny brood;
Whose *yells* terrific, speak their thirst for blood—
Whose flaming *Pyres* spread round a glaring light, [night.
That add new horrors to the gloom of
From chiefs accurs'd—whose bosoms swell with ire,
And from whose eye-balls dart the living fire.

Now to the *favor'd few*, new scenes arise, [skies:
And grateful *pæns* echo through the
Joy beams around—each bosom, transports fill,
Forgot, *past* dangers—and each murmur, still.

Now is the anchor cast—the canvass furl'd [world
And to the maid he singled from the
The hardy seaman flies with quicken'd pace; [brace.
And yields a captive in the fond em-
But hark! what plaintive sounds, and piercing cries,
Float on the breeze, and reach th' farthest skies;
See o'er yon cliff the kindred mourners bend
And weep for *Father—Husband—Brother—Friend.*
The widow'd mother hears the mournful tale,
"And wafts fresh sorrows with the passing gale;"
To Heav'n she lifts her grief-swoln streaming eyes—
"My *Husband* too!—my much lov'd *Porter* dies!"
She thus exclaims—"*O God! 'tis thy command*—"
Then fainting falls upon the neighb'ring strand.

And thou too, *Plummer*, 'neath the *blade* expires,
Thy cruel death, a just revenge inspires;
O could *revenge*, thy life, to *earth* restore;
Nootka should sink, o'erwhelm'd in savage gore— [rest,
But ah, in heav'n thy placid soul shall
Where virtue triumphs—and her sons are blest. ORLANDO.

South-Street, August 1, 1806.

(SELECTED.)

KNOW YOURSELF.

WHAT am I? how produc'd? and for what end? [tend?
Whence drew I being? to what period
Am I th' abandon'd orphan of blind chance; [dance;
Dropt by wild atoms, in disorder'd
Or from an endless chain of causes wrought?
And of unthinking substance, born with thought?
By motion which began without a cause,
Supremely wise, without design or laws.
Am I but what I seem, mere flesh and blood;
A branching channel with a mazy flood?
The purple stream that through my vessels glides,
Dull and unconscious flows like common tides:
The pipes thro' which the circling juices stray, [they:
Are not that thinking I, no more than
This frame, compacted with transcendant skill,
Of moving joints, obedient to my will;
Nurs'd from the fruitful glebe, like yonder tree; [me:
Waxes and wastes! I call it mine, not
New matter still the mould'ring mass sustains,
The mansion chang'd, the tenant still remains;
And from the fleeting stream repair'd by food, [flood.
Distinct as is the swimmer from the
What am I then? Sure, of a nobler birth,
Thy parents' right, I own a mother earth;

But claim superior lineage by my sire,
Who warm'd th' unthinking clod with heav'nly fire:
Essence divine, with lifeless clay allay'd,
By double nature, double instinct sway'd;
With look erect, I dart my longing eye,
Seem wing'd to part, and join my native sky
I strive to mount, but strive, alas! in vain, [chain.
Ty'd to this massy globe with magic
Now with swift thought I range from pole to pole,
View worlds around their flaming centres roll:
What steady powers their endless motions guide,
Thro' the same tractless paths of boundless void!
I trace the blazing comet's fiery trail,
And weigh the whirling planets in a scale;
These godlike thoughts, while eager I pursue,
Some glitt'ring trifle offer'd to my view,
A gnat, an insect, of the meanest kind,
Erase the new-born image from my mind;
Some beastly want, craving, importunate,
Vile as the grinning mastiffs at mygate,
Calls off from heav'nly truth this reas'ning me,
And tells me I'm a brute as much as he.
If on sublimer wings of love and praise,
My soul above the starry vault I raise,
Lur'd by some vain conceit, or shameful lust,
I flag, I drop, I flutter in the dust.
The tow'ring lark, thus, from her lofty strain,
Stoops to an emmet, or a barley grain.
By adverse gusts of jarring instincts lost,
I rove to one, now to the other coast;
To bliss unknown my lofty soul aspires,
My lot unequal to my vast desires.
As 'mongst the hinds a child of royal birth [worth;
Finds his high pedigree, by conscious
So man, amongst his fellow brutes expos'd,
Sees he's a king, but 'tis a king depos'd:
Pity him, beasts! you by no law confin'd,
Are barr'd from devious paths, by being blind;
Whilst man, through op'ning views of various ways [strays;
Confounded, by the aid of knowledge,
Too weak to choose, yet choosing still in haste, [taste;
One moment gives the pleasure and dis-
Bilk'd by past minutes, while the present cloy, [joy.
The flatt'ring future still must give the

To be continued.

SELECTED.

When wise men love they love to folly,
When blockheads love they're melancholly,
When coxcombs love, they love for fashion,
And quaintly call it the belle passion.
Old bachelors, who wear the willow,
May dream of love, and hug the pillow,
Whilst love, in poet's fancy rhyming,
Sets all the bells of folly chiming
But women, charming women, prove
The sweet varieties of love;
They can love all, but none too dearly,
Their husbands too, but not sincerely.
They'll love a thing whose outward shape
Marks him twin brother to an ape;
They'll take a miser for his riches,
And wed a beggar without breeches.
Marry, as if in love with ruin,
A gamester, to their sure undoing,
A drunkard raving, swearing, storming,
For the dear pleasure of reforming.
They'll wed a lord, whose breath shall falter,
Whilst he is crawling from the altar:
What is there women will not do,
When they love man and money too?"

Cumberland.

THE SWEET NEGLECT.

By Ben Jonson.

Still to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast:
Still to be powd'red, still perfum'd:
Lady, it is to be presum'd,
Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.
Give me a looke, give me a face,
That makes simplicitie a grace;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free:
Such sweet neglect more taketh me,
Then all the adulteries of art,
That strike mine eyes, but not my heart

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